

MARVEL®

26th Jan 91

# THE REAL

# GHOSSTBUSTERS™

N°137 45p

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MMM, THIS  
DON'T USUALLY  
HAPPEN!

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

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Egon Spengler is certainly up to his neck in trouble this week. There is a plague of ghosts, ghouls, spooks, spectres and things with big, sharp, pointy teeth, and only **The Real Ghostbusters** can deal with a catastrophe of such incredible and dangerous proportions in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

Firstly though Peter and Egon get called to the Graveside Hotel where they confront The Spirit Of Horrible Holidays and Wet Weekends. This monster meanie is out to spoil everyone's vacations, in an ectoplasmic story called **Hotel Horrors!**

As if that isn't enough for you, there are two more exciting tales to whet your appetite for all things ghostly: Janine, the receptionist, in **Phone Phantom** and a terrifying trip to England in **Stonehenge Revenge!** Look out for next week's issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, when Slimer starts a new two part story.

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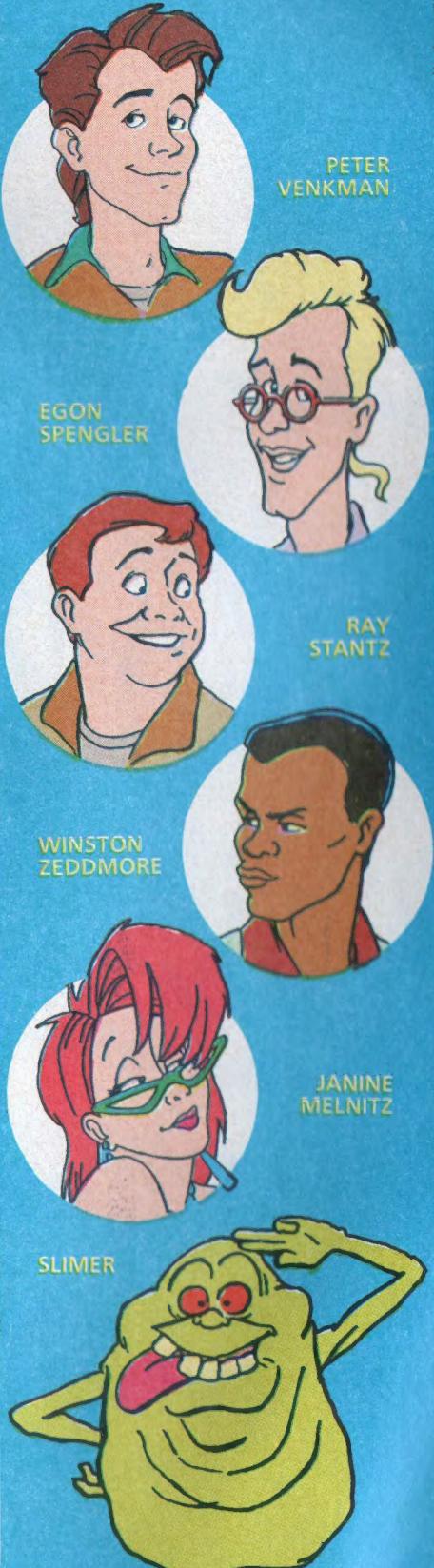
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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS  
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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™

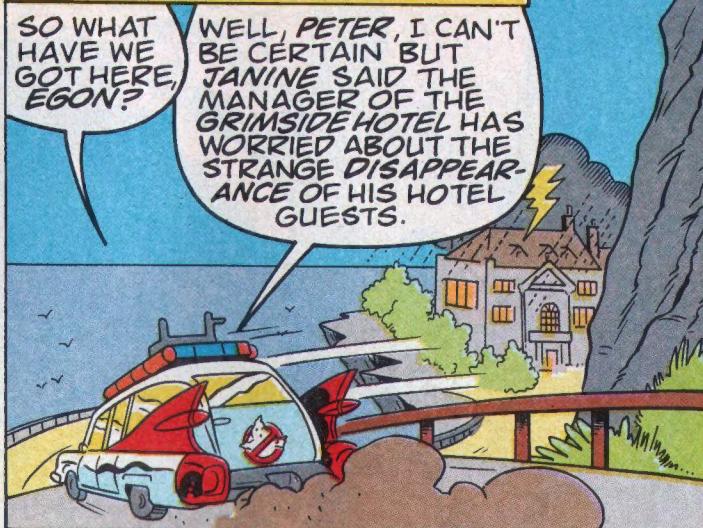


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

AT A SEASIDE HOLIDAY HOTEL...



MEANWHILE ON THE COAST ROAD...



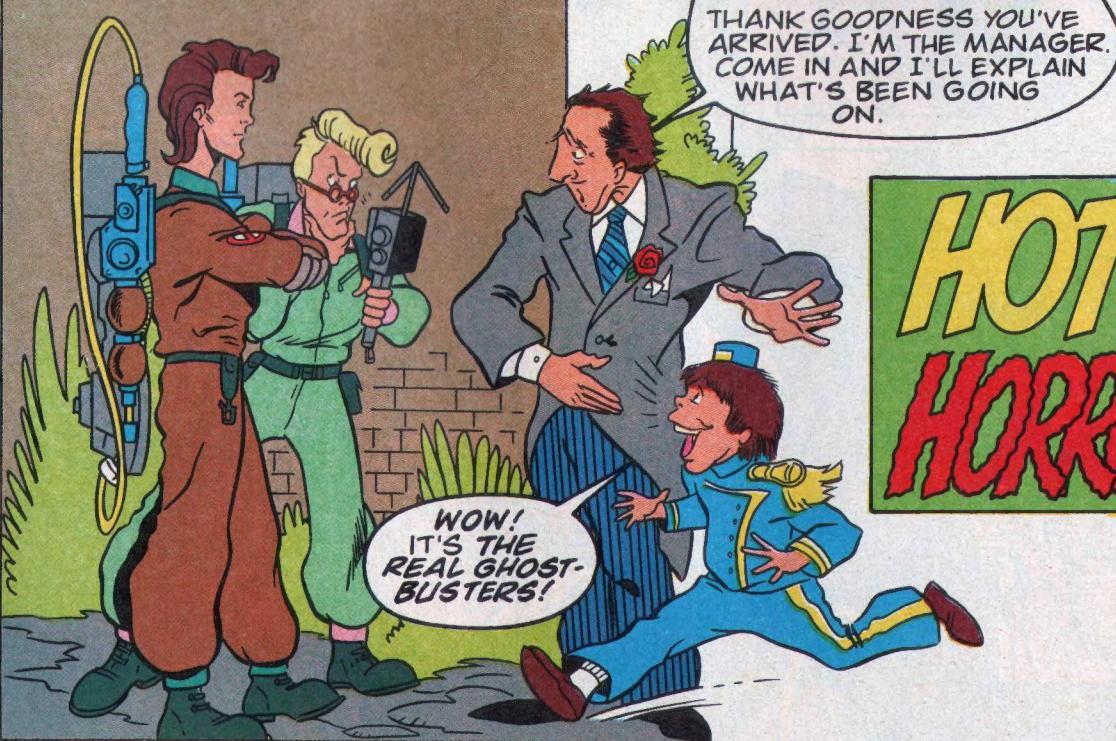
SOON... PERHAPS THE GUESTS JUST LEFT BECAUSE THE HOTEL IS SO BAD?

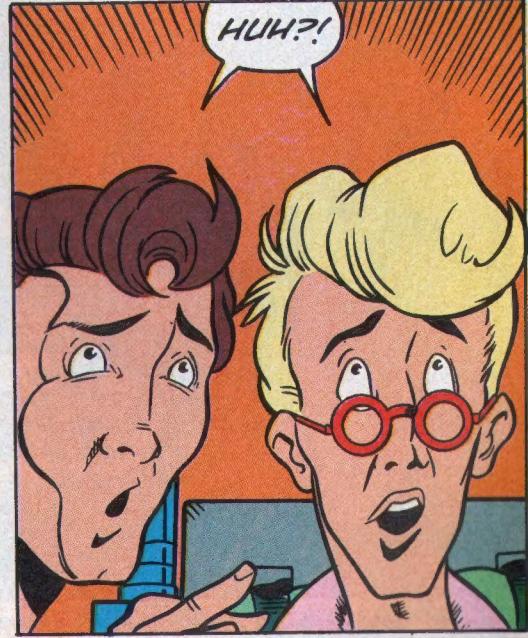
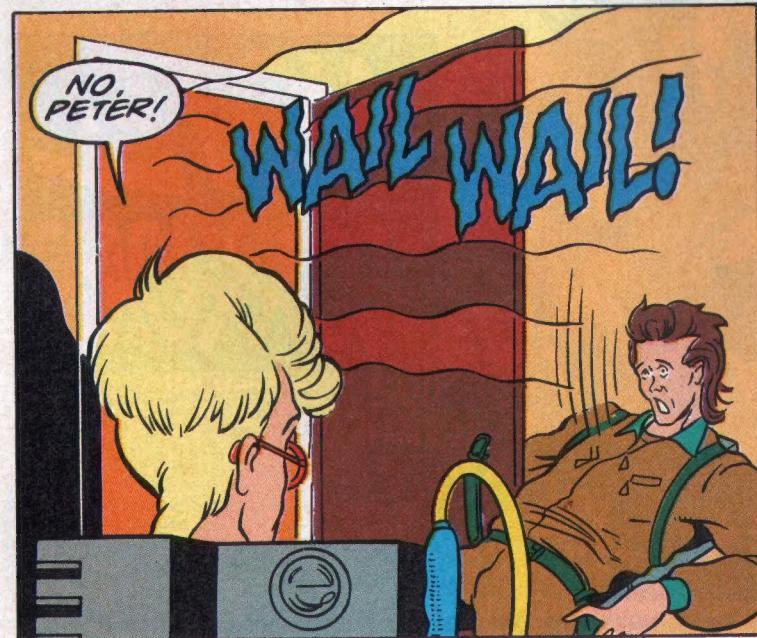
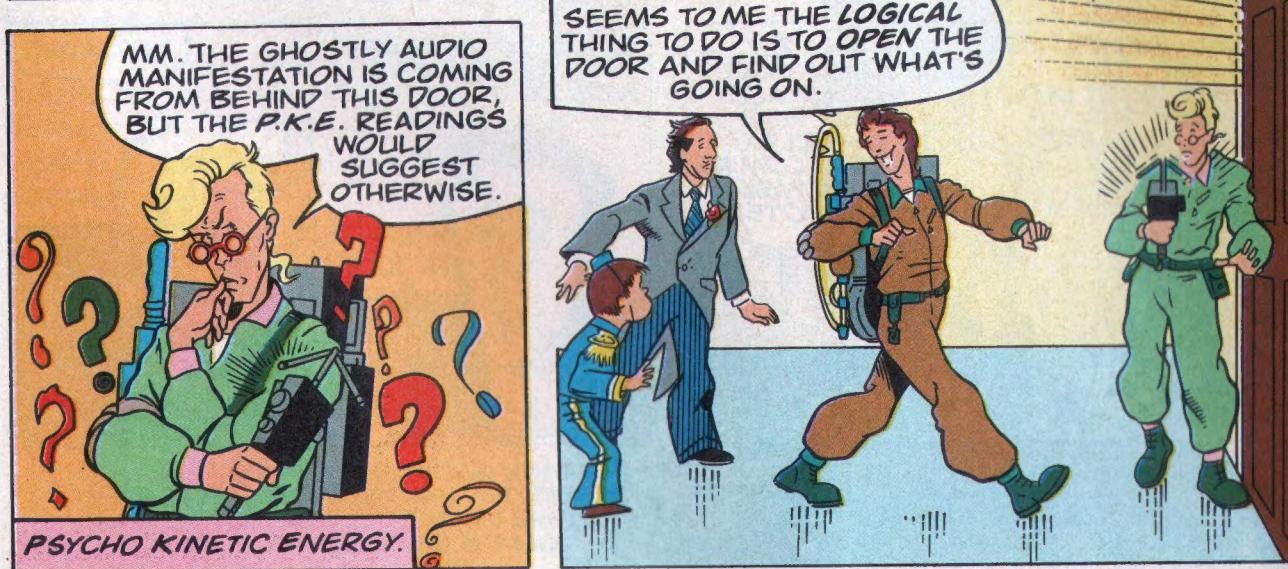


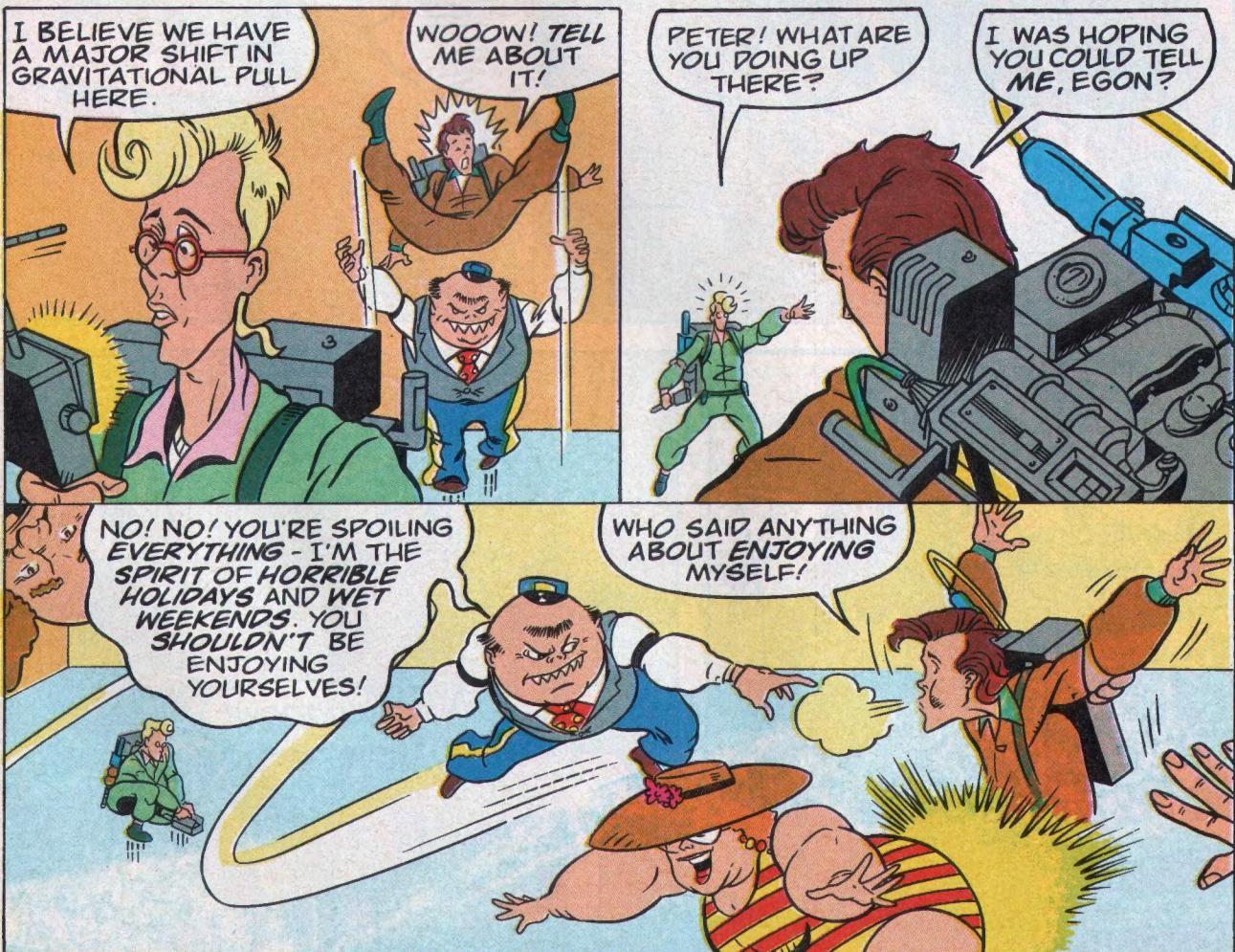
OKAY, SO PERHAPS THEY'RE HAVING A WAIL OF A TIME.

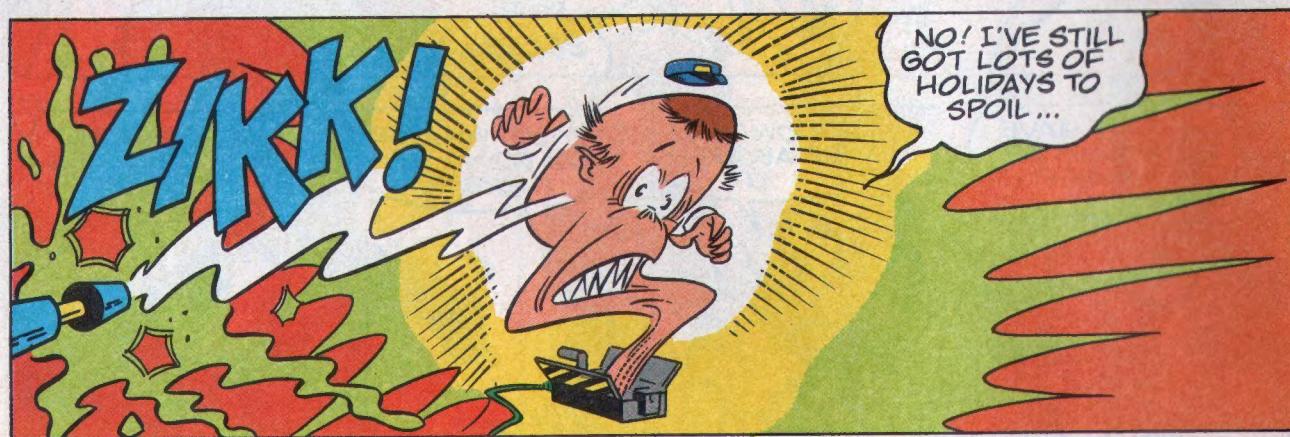
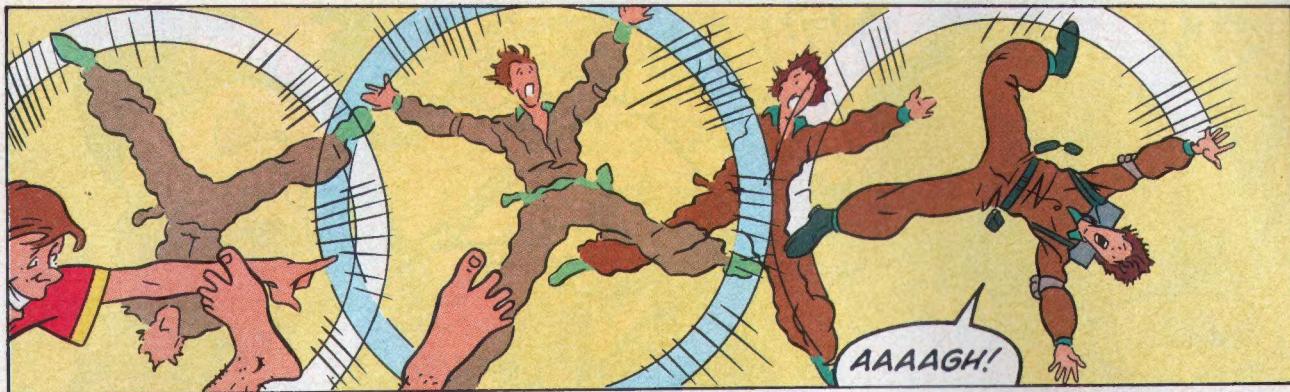


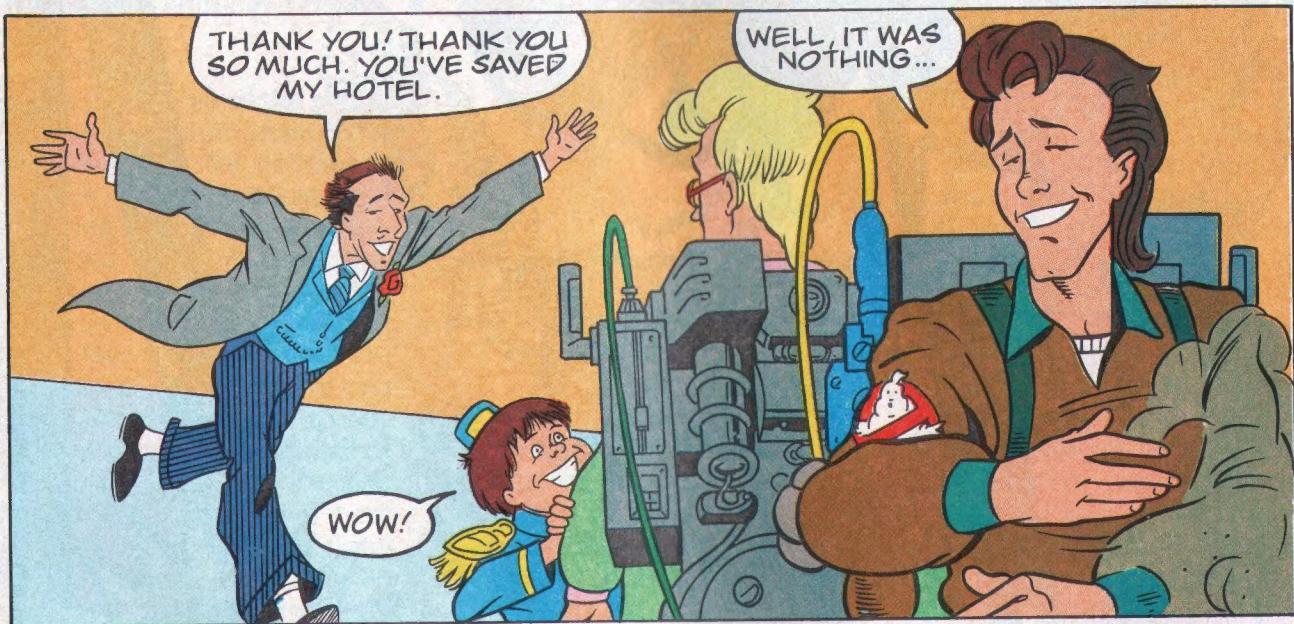
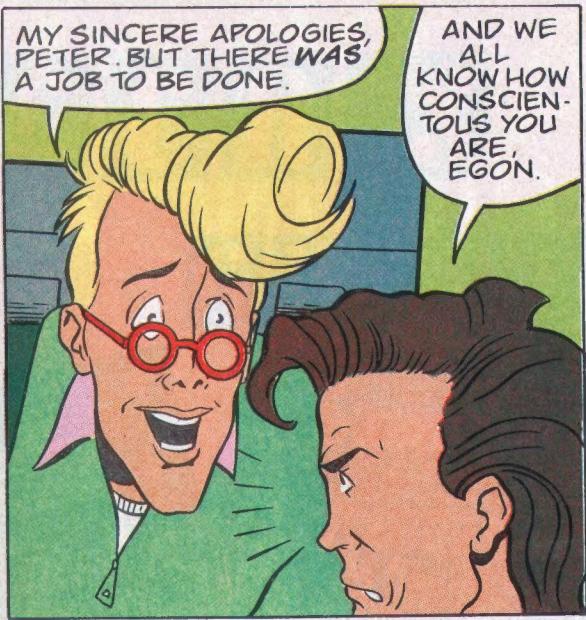
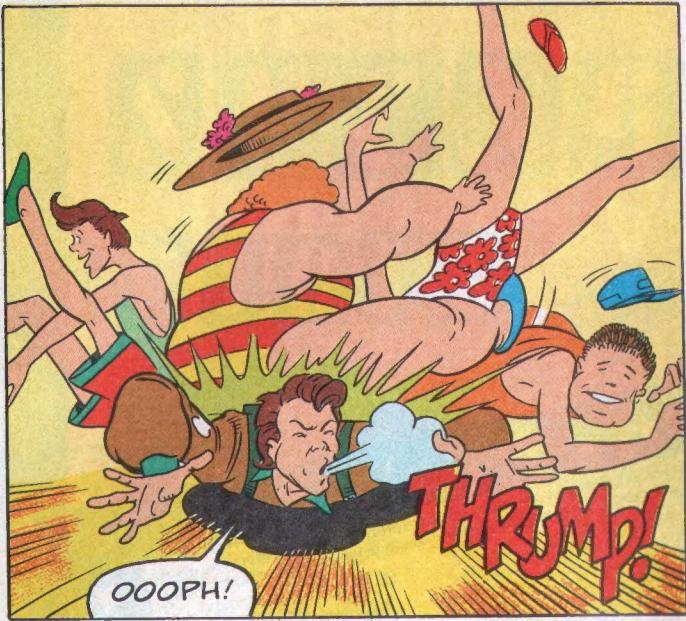
THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE ARRIVED. I'M THE MANAGER. COME IN AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON.



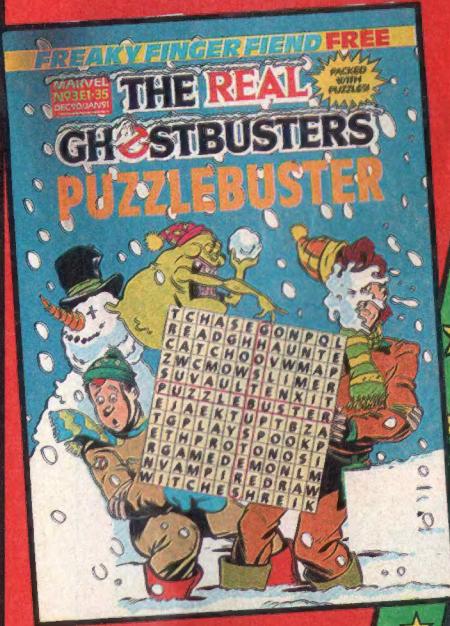








# A BRAND NEW CHILLING ADVENTURE!



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!  
ISSUE THREE ON SALE NOW!  
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

# SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

Where, asks Pedro LaFayette, do spooks go for their holidays? Apart from New York, eh, Pedro? Well, here's a run down of the top supercosmic vacation sites. What you might describe as...

## Last Resorts

The upper levels of the planes of Pandemonium seem to be the favourite for holidaying ghouls, probably because of the hot, sulphurous weather, glorious radiation flares and the promise of lazy days on the palm-fringed beaches of the lava oceans. On the subject of the palms, no one has ever been able to say where all those thousands of hands came from in the first place. But the weather there is just what a fun-seeking spectre wants. With only an average of 364 days acid rainfall each year, it's positively tropical.

To get out there for a foughnight (the usual length of a super-cosmic holiday: 1 foughnight = 4 daze), the spook must visit a Holiday Currier, a spook who specialises in arranging the flights and accommodation for vacationing ghosts, providing the customer leaves a small part of himself (or a neighbour or relative, the Curriers aren't fussy) for the Currier to pop into his families' Ecto-masala that night. In return, the Currier arranges a seat (I use the



## PART 137

word 'seat' here, actually, the supercosmic word is 'Knurtrch' which translates roughly as 'a handhold... a tenuous perch... a mouthful of feathers') on the next charter Roc heading for the upper levels of Hades. Alternatively, for a lower price, the customer can agree to a 'package holiday' where he is sent to the upper levels in the Roc's baggage compartment wrapped up as a package. This isn't very popular as the customer is obliged to stay a package for all the holiday and therefore doesn't get to:

- see anything;
- conga down the beach singing "'ere we glow, 'ere we glow";
- tan itself; or
- breathe.

Top places to go include Monte Cadaver, home of the exotic casino and gaming

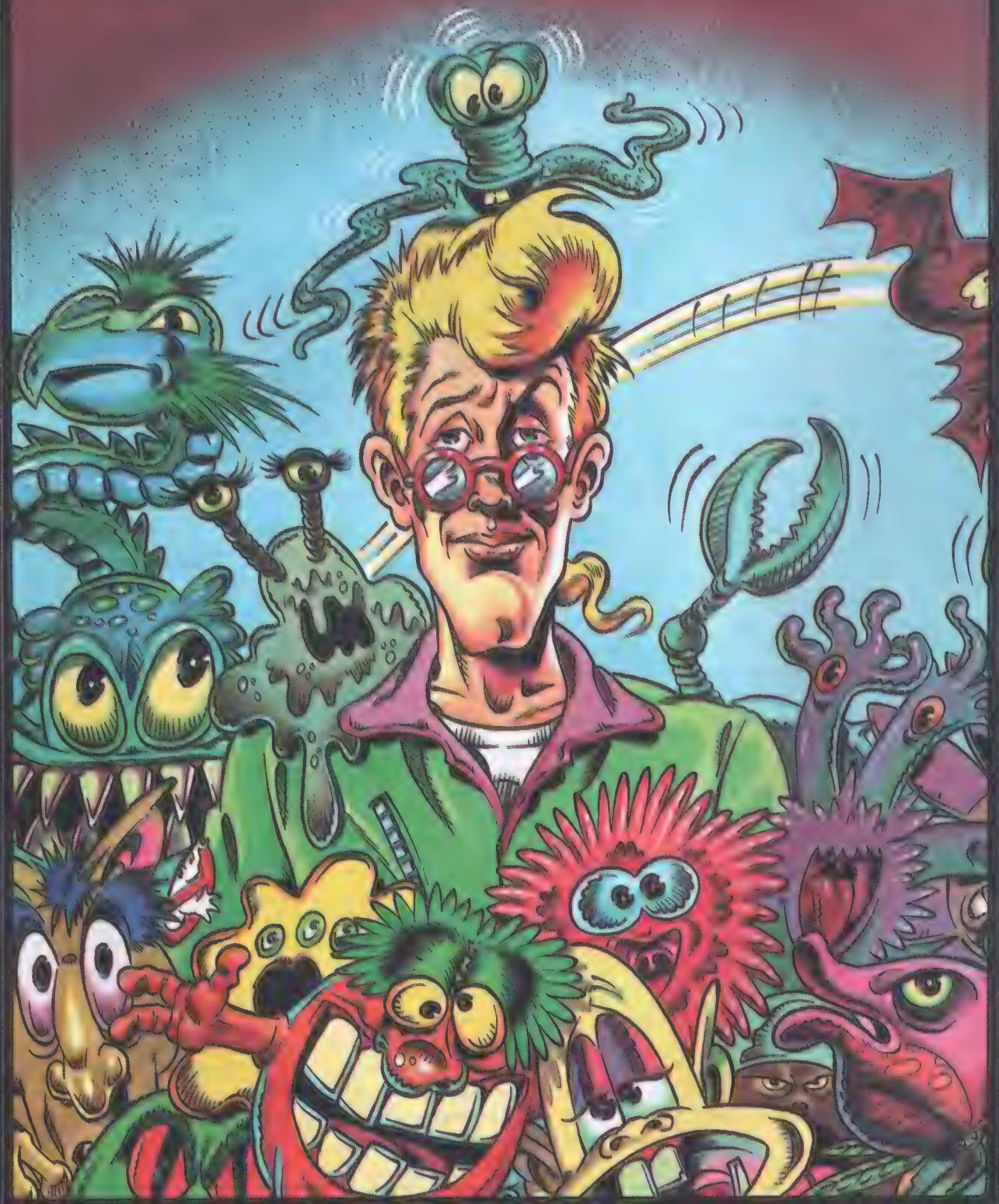
houses, though most spooks who go there seem to do nothing else except lay on the beach all day. And all night. Funny that.

Almost as popular is Tuskernee, where the spooks can ramble among the Sylvan Glens, explore the ruined Numblysseum, and get charged at by the dwarf demon-boars with their big, sharp and pointy tusks.

Some of the Tuskanee Sylvan Glens, who have got bored with being rambled through, have rambled off themselves to the neighbouring island of Crate. Home of the ancient Cratens, Crate is the cradle of a wonderful civilisation who founded their culture on softwood. Spend your holiday on Crate wandering through the creaking halls, admiring the swaying towers, sitting on the rickety thrones and come home with a wonderful collection of holiday splinters. Most romantic of all holiday locations is of course the Great Pyramids of Bairo. Available in red, blue or black ink, the Pyramids have confused travellers since time began as to how the ancient civilisation who made them wrote down anything at all. You'd need a whole army of slaves with ropes, long rollers and a block and tackle even to manage 'wish you were here' on the back of a postcard.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

**Saturday, 19th January 1991**

Burning question of the week –**what the dickens is that?**

We've all been asking it, and by all I mean most of the population of New York City. John Peeters said it as he looked up from his bowl of cereal in the morning and saw something resembling a bald rat with nine eyes eating the lid of the coffee pot. Naomi Kluge said it as she opened her wardrobe and found a sort of snake pot plant chewing on her sling backs. Davey Swelterberg said it when he found a toothy rabbit made of rhubarb under the seat of the bus he was riding on. Clyde Mossiman said it as he got a gooey snake bird vole he hadn't ordered out of a cola machine.

Ray and I said it when a cross-looking tentacled excuse for a shower hose with eyes fell out of the kitchen cupboard and did a little skipping dance on the worktop.

Clearly our next job was to find out what the dickens was.

With three thousand reports on file, the trail led Egon and me to a chemical research lab in Manhattan.

'What we seem to have is a plague of miniaturised spooklets on a city wide basis. What they have in common is a tendency towards the utterly revolting. They don't seem especially dangerous in themselves. But the sheer number and frequency could have a detrimental effect on the collective sanity of the New York populace.'

'Run that by me again, Egon?'

'They'll drive the whole town mad,' Egon explained.

'So why are we here?' I asked as we pushed open the doors of the Clonamatic Chemical Research Company.

'An interesting question,' said the young receptionist at the desk, 'and one that I was going to ask. We didn't call the Ghostbusters.'

Egon marched up to the desk and put

down his utility case on the counter. 'New York is being plagued with little demons, young lady, and I have reason to believe that this company is in many ways responsible.'

'Now hang on...' began the girl. 'Yeah, hang on, Egon!' I added. 'You can't just go around accusing people of flooding the city with demons. That's libel. They could sue us, fine us, remove our permit even –' Two very big security guards walked up to us, not smiling in anyway whatsoever. '–even worse, they could throw us out.'

'I have no reason to make false claims. I know this for a fact.' Egon announced. He opened the case and produced one of the ghastlier beasties we'd collected during the morning, holding it up by the ears (and there were enough ears to get a good grip). 'These creatures have been created here because they've all got your name on them.'

'Our name?' asked the receptionist incredulously.

'Yes. They've all got it stamped on the bottom.'

He turned the beastie over and on the base, clear as day, was a stencil reading 'A genuine Spooklet™ from Clonamatic'.

The receptionist read this with interest and then buzzed her boss on the intercom. 'Mr Clone? There's a Mr Spengler and Mr Zeddmore here to see you.'

'Send them in, Veronica.'

We were sent in. In the office beyond reception, we met two identical men wearing smart suits.

'Hi, I'm John Clone and this is my brother James,' said one.

'We're the directors of Clonamatic. How can we help?' said the other as if they had taken the same breath.

Egon told them.

'This is a problem,' said John (or James – I'm sure they'd switched around whilst

Egon was talking). 'Our company has been doing chemical and genetic research for years. We're market leaders. Our marketing strategists located a massive public interest in the supernatural, and we decided to produce some ectoplasmically based artificial goblinettes and mini-spooks for the pet market. Predicted sales indicated we'd clean up. However, whilst the project was still in the R&D phase—'

'—that's research and development,' joined in James (John?), 'we discovered the creatures were difficult to control, and we decided to keep it quiet and under wraps until we could minimise the problems.'

'But?' I asked.

'But some of them got out from our labs.' They said in unison.

'Some of them? Some of them? There are hundreds of thousands of them running around New York!'

'Ah . . .' they both said.

'What,' asked Egon, 'did you use as the basic blueprints of the production process?'

'Why this—' said John. Or James. Or John. He held up a copy of a very old dusty book.

'As I thought,' murmured Egon, '*Madricht's Ectoplasmic Tables*. A wonderful method of divining the powers of the ectoplasmic mass, a fearfully dangerous way of employing it. Do you realise what a disaster you have on your hands?'

The brothers Clone shook their heads. I shook my head too.

'Well, I'll tell you', said Egon. 'The Madricht tables describe in complete form the methods by which a human may control the fluctuating tides of the vast ectoplasmic ocean and from them create wondrous beings. But there is a price - particularly if you misuse the tables and overdo the balance in the ectoplasmic/plastic mix.'

There was a tremendous roar from the adjoining room and we were all saturated with goo as a vast, fast, moving

rain of small ectoplasmic beasties spattered across us and the office.

'I think you've misused the tables,' said Egon.

The brothers joined the security guards and the receptionist in a mad panic for the door as the tidal wave of gruesome beasties flooded their way. Egon and I were knocked down in the sticky rush.

'What now?' I yelled.

'Blast the central mixing vat,' Egon told me, pointing through the shower of gooey foam.

Egon and I struggled round in the backwash and raised our Proton guns. We fired.

The noise was deafening.

The foam ignited and exploded back towards the tilted vat. The old dusty book disintegrated in a shower of sparks. We had won. We stopped the company producing any more of the grotty little gremlins.

Egon surfaced from the mass of writhing, wriggling creatures, one of them perched on his head.

'Success!' he said.

'Uh huh,' I countered, 'but what are we going to do with the ones left over?'

'Find them homes?' asked Egon.



**Wanted:** good home for semi-literate, almost house trained goldfish/husky/parakeet/cactus cross. One previous owner. No mess.

Reply Ghostbusters HQ. Soon.



# DEAD TREE



The horseman of Bottlebush Down is one of the oldest documented ghosts, dating back to the Bronze Age – around 2,500 years ago! He and his horse were usually spotted between the remote and beautiful West Country towns of Cranborne and Sixpenny Handley. Two young girls travelling between the two towns in the 1920's were among the many who sighted the rider and reported his appearance beside them suddenly on the quiet road. The Horseman usually appeared in or around an unusual local landmark known as the Cursus, which consisted of two parallel ditches about 80 yards apart running for

some six miles through the fields.

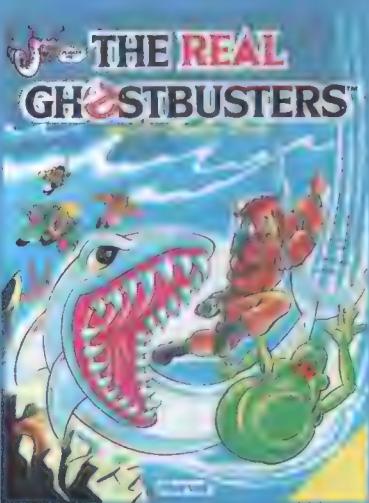
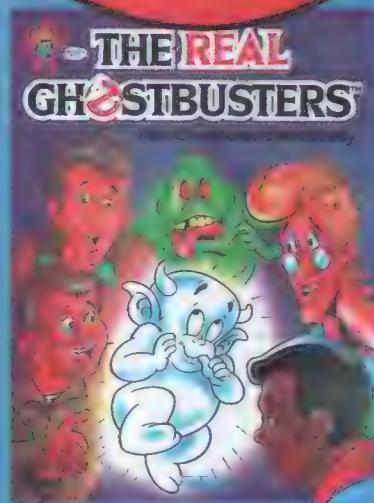
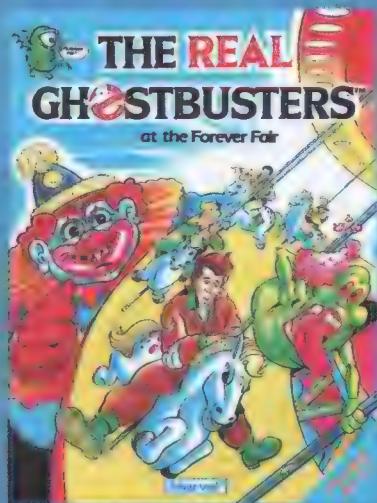
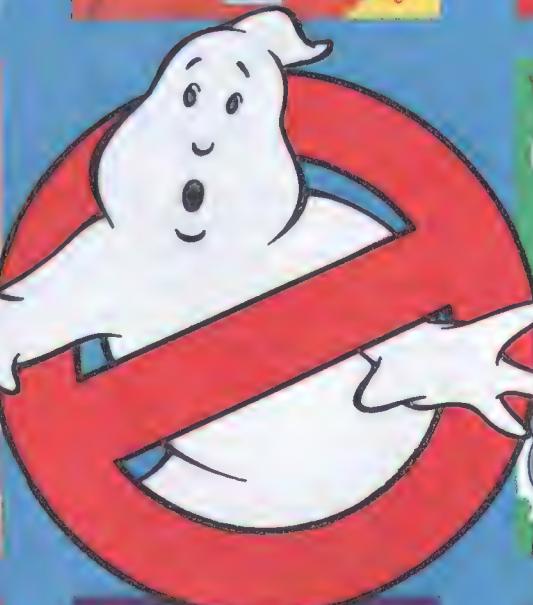
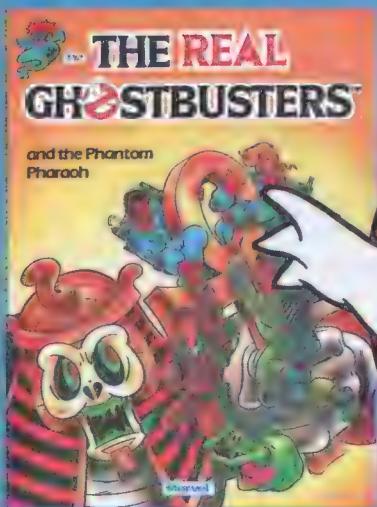
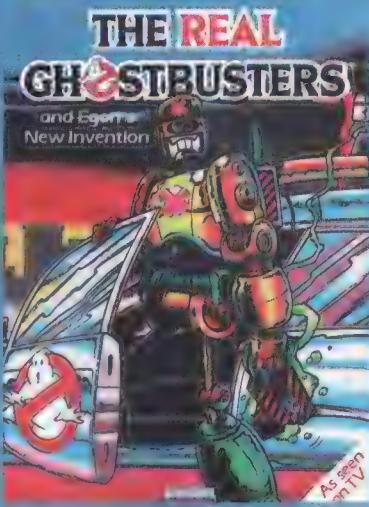
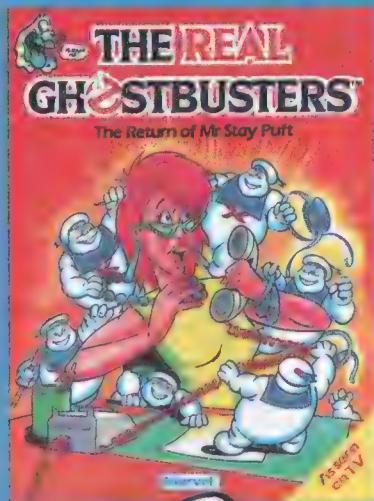
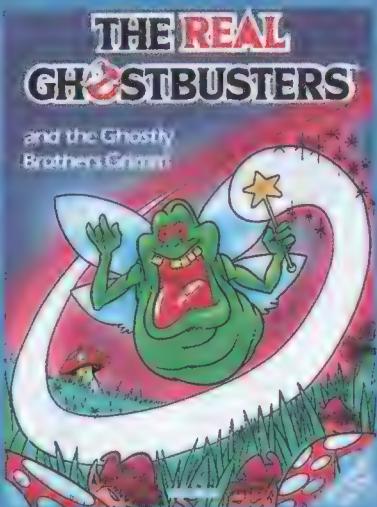
An archaeologist, RC Clay, who was, coincidentally, excavating a Bronze Age settlement in nearby Christchurch, made the most detailed description of the Horseman after his encounter with it in 1924. Whilst returning home from the site one evening the archaeologist spotted a horse and its rider ahead of him at the spot where an old Roman road crossed the modern road. Clay slowed his car down to let the horseman cross, but was amazed when the horseman changed direction and galloped alongside his car for some time before disappearing as quickly as he had appeared! The man was close enough to the ghost,

however, to quite clearly see his attire and remember it in great detail.

The man returned to the road from which he had seen the rider on the following day and searched in vain for some evidence that his sighting was, in fact, a trick of the light or his eyesight! He could find nothing except one of the small burial mounds, common in the area, oddly situated very near the spot where the horseman had vanished. Although the archaeologist only sighted the ghost once, his knowledge of the Bronze Age provided the expertise necessary to quite accurately date the spirit as from as far back as 700BC!



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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## 'PHONE PHANTOM!'



# SLIME TIME!

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Why did the boy bury his radio?  
*Because the batteries were dead.*  
— Adrian Ramsey, Norwich.

What did Dracula ask the undertaker?  
*"Do you deliver?"*  
— Stephen Lloyd, Notts.

"My Most Embarrassing Moment."  
*by Lucy Lastick.*  
— Michael Bingham.

What do you get when you cross Bambi with a ghost?  
*Bamboo.*

— Greg Rochmond, Irvine.

What did one ghost say to the other ghost?  
*"I simply do not believe in people."*  
— Simon Day, Notts.

What do you get if you cross a block of ice and a kangaroo?  
*A cold jumper.*  
— Ross Pope, Barnes

**NEW**

NO COPIES OF **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS AGAIN!**  
FROM NOW ON I'LL BE ORDERING MINE!

PAPER COMIC



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Deliver it with our regular paper order\*

\*Delete as applicable.

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ADDRESS .....



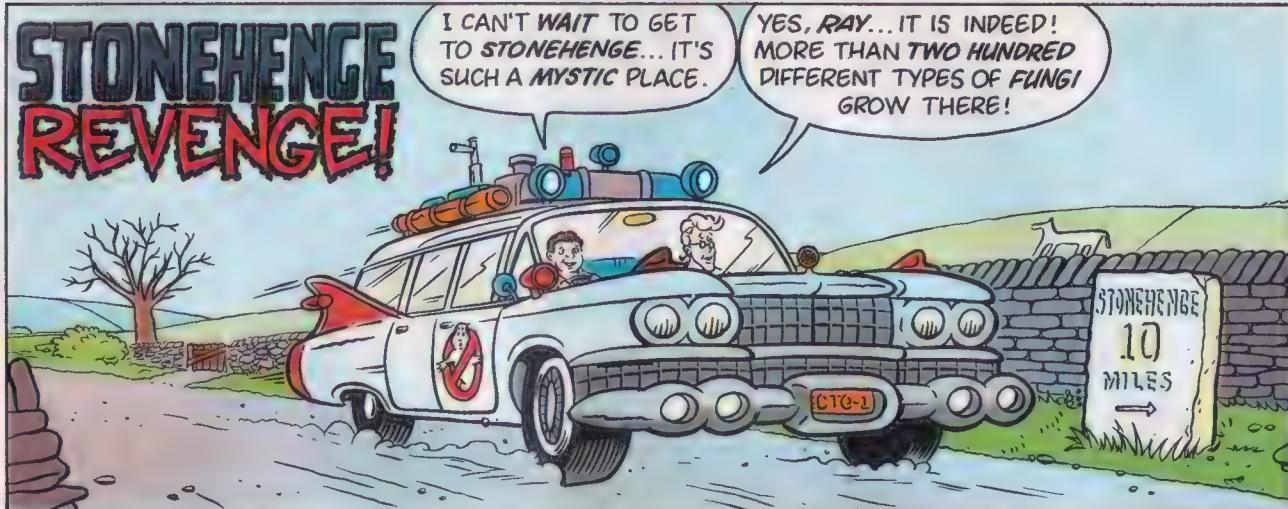
SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## STONEHENGE REVENGE!

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO STONEHENGE... IT'S SUCH A MYSTIC PLACE.

YES, RAY... IT IS INDEED! MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED DIFFERENT TYPES OF FUNGI GROW THERE!



WHAT ABOUT YOU, PETER, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO?

OH, ANYTHING, WINSTON, AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INVOLVE SPOOKS!



Hmm... THIS IS A NICE, QUIET LITTLE PLACE!

IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF PAGAN FESTIVAL.



YEAH, EGON, A HEAVY ROCK FESTIVAL.

WOW! THOSE MUSHROOMS MUST BE GOOD, MAN!

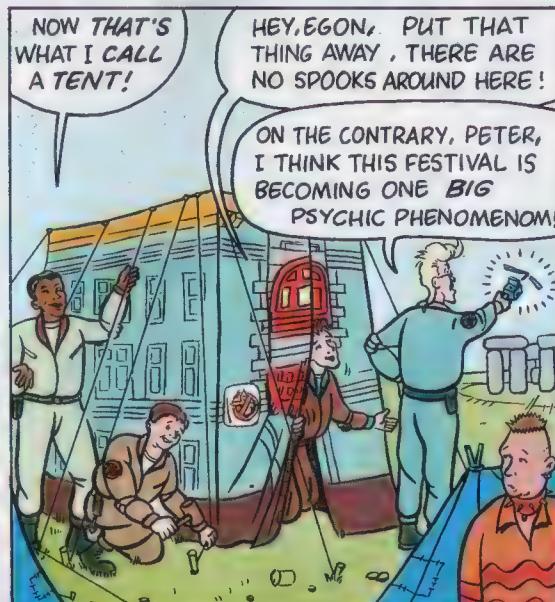
FOODYFOODY YUM YUM! GOBBLE CHOMP!

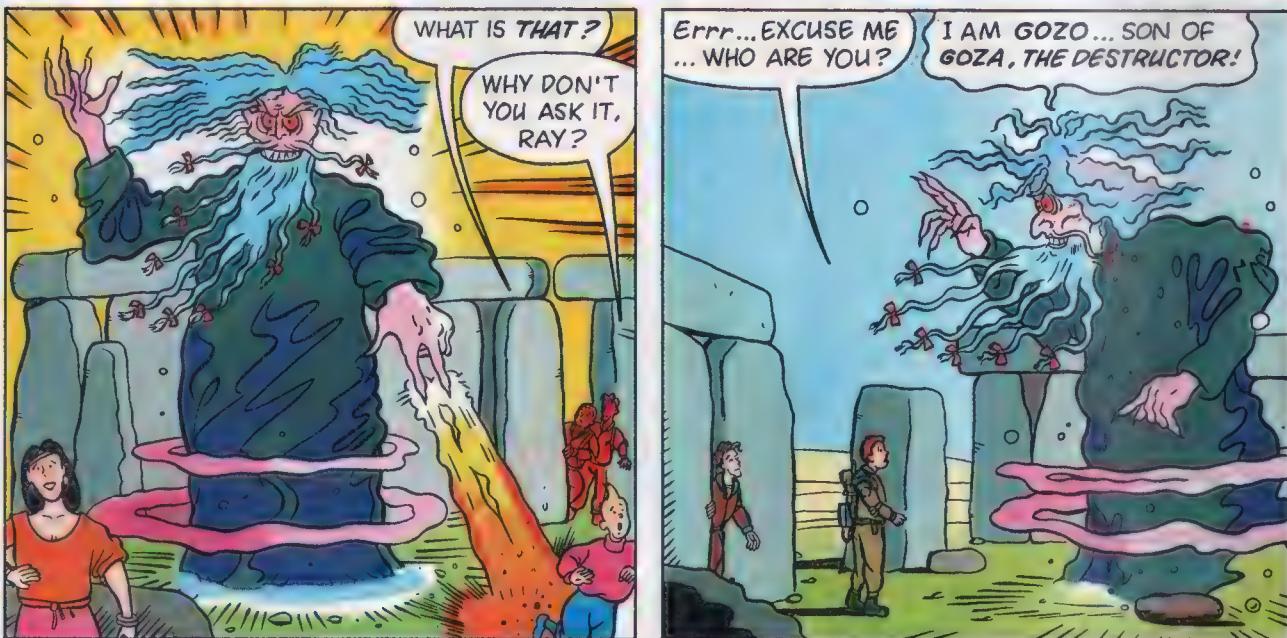
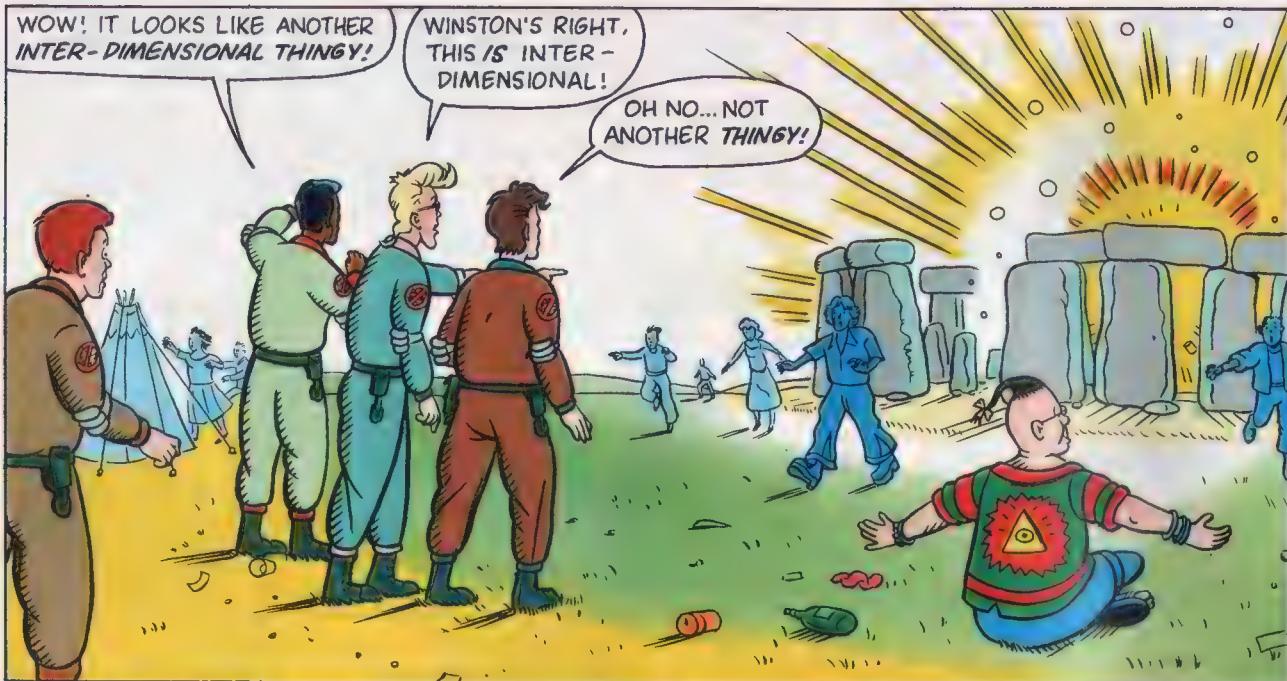
WELL AT LEAST SLIMER'S MADE A FRIEND!

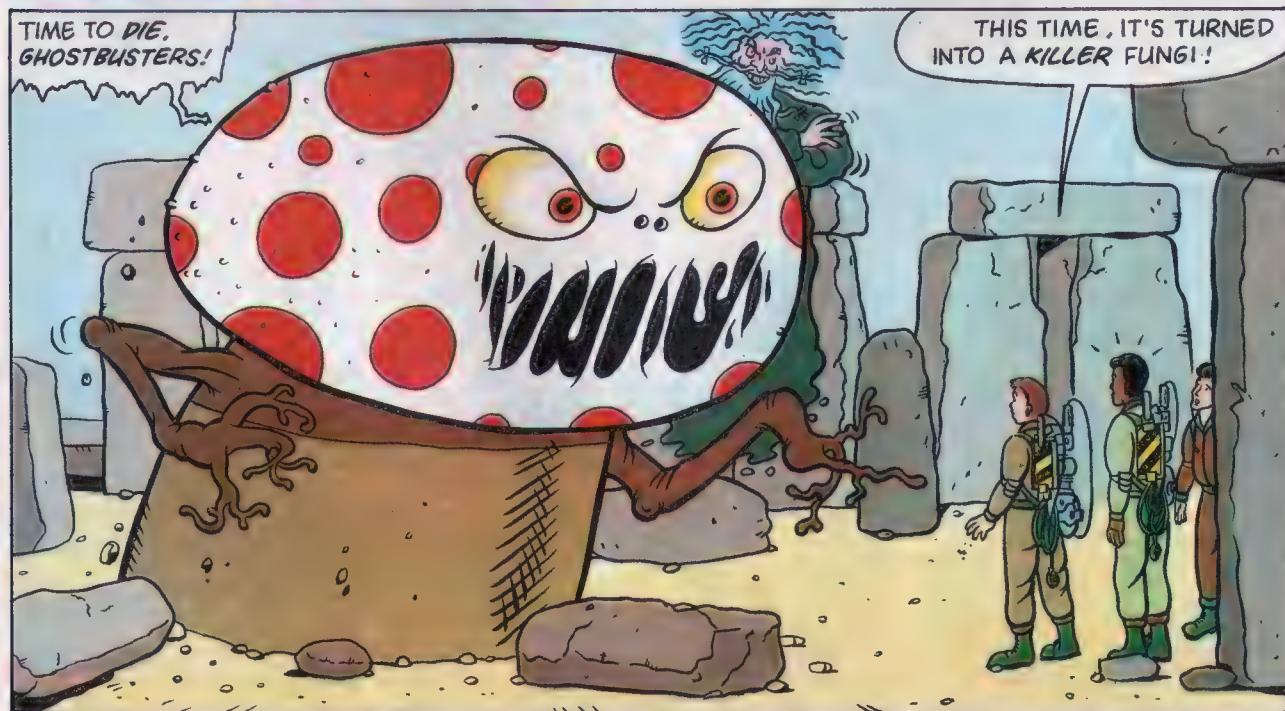
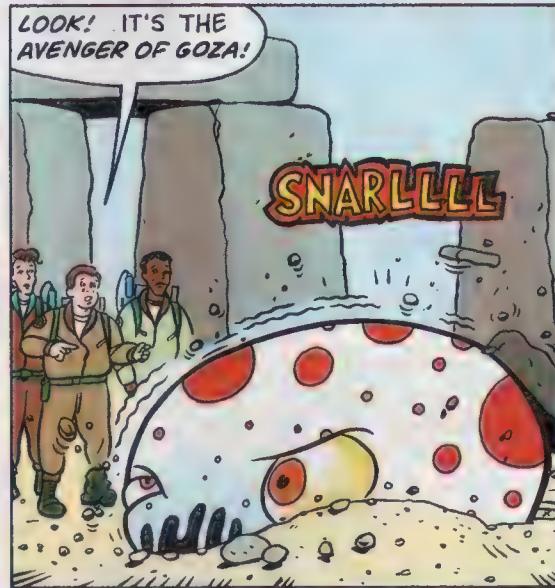
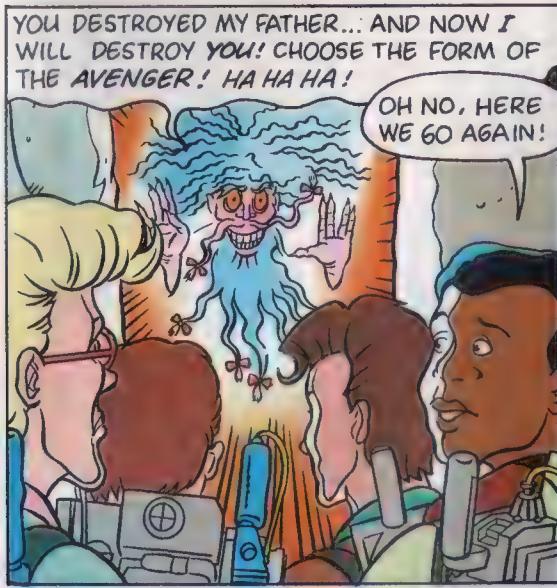
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A TENT!

HEY, EGON, PUT THAT THING AWAY, THERE ARE NO SPOOKS AROUND HERE!

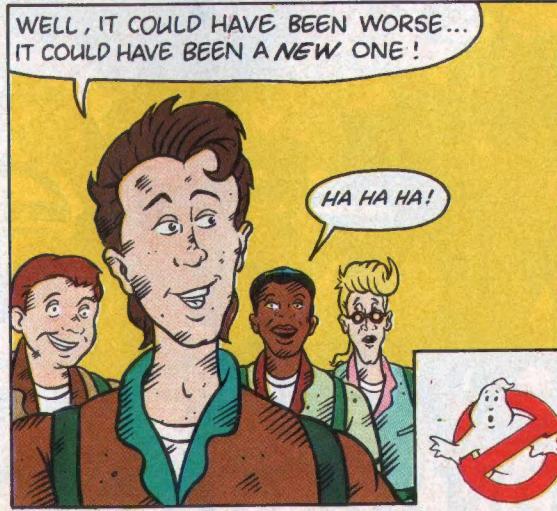
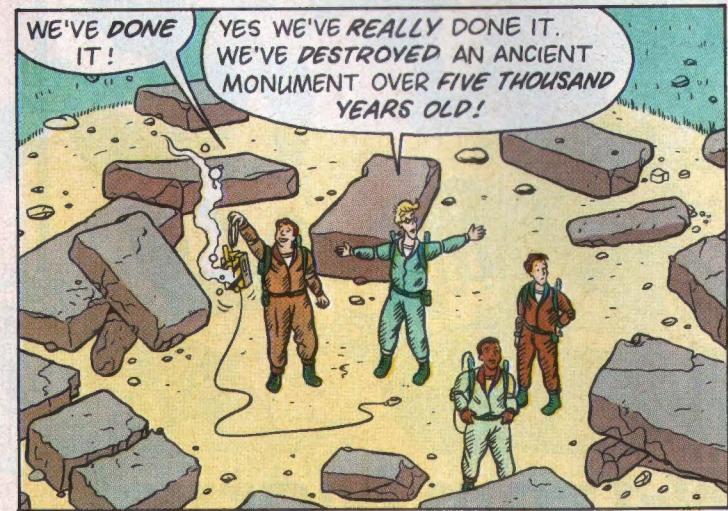
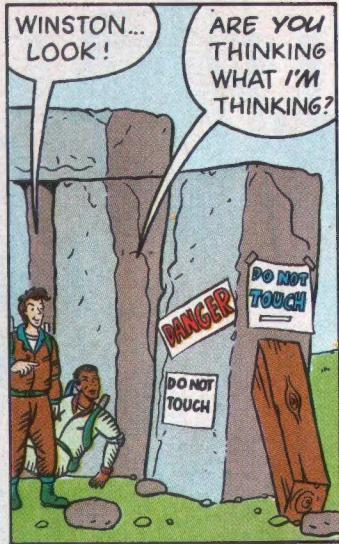
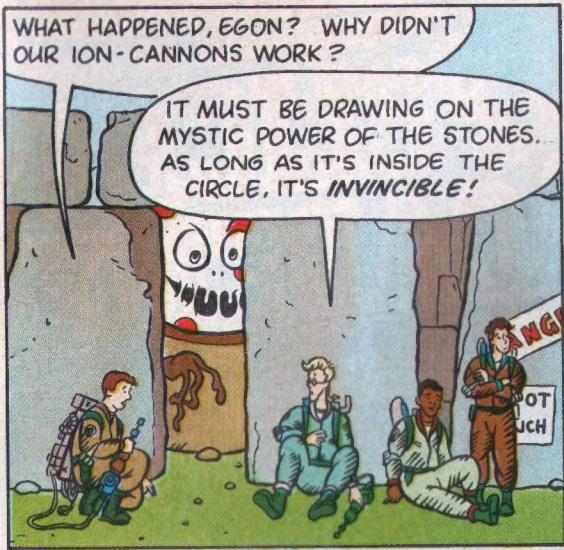
ON THE CONTRARY, PETER, I THINK THIS FESTIVAL IS BECOMING ONE BIG PSYCHIC PHENOMENON!











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ONE!

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SSHHH!  
I THINK WE  
MAY BE ON TO  
SOMETHING!



ON SALE NOW-from Marvel®

# GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans! Another rummage through the paranormal post-bag, so suck in the guts and read on . . .

**Dear Peter . . .**

Here are some questions for you:

1. Who first invented Slimer?
2. In the cartoon, Slimer is your friend and in the film he isn't. Why is this?
3. Who invented the names for you?

— Greg Richmond, Irvine.

*1. He's just a ghost! A big, green gobbley ghost! You don't invent ghosts, they just kind of happen! 2. Couldn't tell you, but I know that he isn't my friend. A friend wouldn't take the extra chilli and apple off the top of your favourite pizza, now would they? 3. Mr and Mrs Venkman invented mine, Mr and Mrs Spengler invented Egon's, and Mr and Mrs Stantz invented Ray's and Winston's parents invented his as well. What a stupid question, eh!*

I think you are a funkadelic groove buster:

1. Why do you hate Slimer? I like him!
2. Why are you so ace?
3. Why is your hairstyle so rubbish?
4. What is your hobby apart from busting ghosts?
5. If you are the bravest Ghostbuster, who is the second?

— Philip Hoggart, Doncaster.

*Yep, Philip, I sure am! 1. I'm not going to tell you, because I'm always having to explain how much I hate him. If someone stole all your pizza and slimed you all the time – damn, I've gone and done it again! 2. I take after my mother! 3. It certainly is not rubbish. It's a cool, super-dude hair-do! 4. Eating and listening to my Metal Witch records. 5. Strewnth, I am being honest this week! The truth is that, as much as I hate to admit it, Winston is the bravest.*

I have some questions for you:

1. How come in Issue thirteen (long time reader, huh?), page six, panel four, your hair is green?
2. Why, on every Dead True page, is Bambos inscribed on the left-hand gravestone when Bambos is alive and well and doing Blimey! It's Slimer?  
— Ricky Haggett, Purley.  
PS Wriggle your way out of them then!

*1. Have you ever run a marathon, Ricky? Well, if you have, you'll know that it certainly takes it out of you. You get a red face, and all that*

*red has got to come from somewhere, hasn't it? So, as you can see, it came from my hair. 2. You're a tricky so and so, aren't you? But just answer me one question: how do you know that Bambos is alive and well, huh? Why do you think that he's got such an insight into the world of Slimer? That's right, you guessed it! Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.*

I think that The Real Ghostbusters are brill. Please could you answer my questions:

1. I think the comic strip version of Ghostbusters II was brill. So was the Ghostbusters II movie. But could I ask Ray what his feelings and thoughts were when he was going down the air shaft?
2. In Issue fifty, the Ecto-X story was great. Will there be a story like that every fifty issues?
3. Who is the leader of The Real Ghostbusters?

— Mark Harrison, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

*Gee, you've got good taste, Mark! Anyway, it's Ray here, and I can assure you that I was scared out of my wits. I'm not particularly fond of heights, and I'm not particularly fond of depths either, but when you're dangling over a huge river of slime, it's bound to give you the heebie-jeebies. Shocked! Shocked and stunned, that's how I felt! 2. Hey, wasn't that story just great. It was a bit scary at the time, but Slimer saved the day after all. Look out for Issue one hundred and fifty! Have we got a surprise for you!*

3. Peter!

# A SPOOKY DENTURE ADVENTURE!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

